of God, and consequently the infallible cen- sisters and brothers, devoted mothers nors of the human race. To attempt to proteet my profession from the stings of such insects would be as useless as it would be undignified and ridiculous. In answer to the busy buzzing of these gnats, which swarm in the haunts where Pecksniff poses with success, it is enough to say that many of the most honored members of the other professions admit that an honest investiga-tion of the private lives and unuttered convictions of the painter, sculptor, musician, lawyer, doctor, journalist, or parson, would probably prove that there was quite as much faith in good, more charity to the unfortunate and less hypocrisy toward the world in general, on the stage, than at the bar, on the costrum, in the laboratory, studio, or even

No one will assert that there is any class of workers before the public, who, in proportion to their numbers, have demonstrated their belief in the sacred cause of human charity so spontaneously and forcibly, as dramatic artists. This is so true that churches, hospitals, and suffering individunls whenever they are in need seek imme diate assistance from the stage, and never in vain, when their need is pressing and their cause is worthy.

If practicing the virtues which the Great Master declared above all others is less evidence of sound belief than merely preaching them, then the members of my profession will welcome with pride the stigms of unbelief so often applied to them by the self-righteous prater of this much-mixed

What would happen, if, for once, profes-sors of Christianity should look to the beam in their own eye before they busied themselves so much with the mote that lurks in the optic of the less pretentious professors of the stage? The world would stand aghast with amazement at any such exhibion of Christ-like humility on the part of His much-professing followers. STUART ROBSON.

LILY LANGTRY'S BELIEFS.

She Has a Decided Leaning Toward the Catholic Church.

When approached on the subject of her religious views, Mrs. Langtry dictated the following for publication:

"I secept in full the Christian faith as explained in the Apostles' Creed. I cannot imagine anything more dreadful than to be in a state of doubt or unbelief; to feel when some great joy or happiness comes, that there is nothing more powerful or greater than a human being to turn to to give thanks or to ask help. For my own part my belief in prayer is thoroughly a part of my life. When I am in doubt of the success of my daily work I do not hesitate to go down on my knees in my dressing room and ask the help of God in that which I have undertaken. What Church? Of course I was born in the Church of England my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather all having been Deans of the Jersey. But I must confess to a decided leaning toward the Catholic Church. It has always seemed to me to so thoroughly understand poor humanity-to so periectly grasp the truth that special temptations surround each in-dividual and that where there is no special grace in one withstanding them, there is great victory for another in conquering. Then, too, I have always felt a great tenderness toward a belief that made the Mother of God the chief among other women, and I cannot but accept as a truth that she watches and prays for all living women. I like to give the best of the beautiful things in this world to the service of God-I want the flowers to send forth their perfume in His honor, the sweetest music to sing His praises, and the loveliest colors in etures and in fine cloths to decorate His nouse. Religious authors? I only care for one, and that is dear old Thomas a-Kempis. You know now what I believe, and I say,

FANNY DAVENPORT'S CONVICTIONS. the Believes That Sin is Punished Upon

God help the woman who has no faith!"

This Earth. There are but few who know how much religious feeling there is in the actress' heart. And gladly would she show it more and demonstrate it to a larger extent, if it were not that she feared to be stared at, and her actions construed into "an advertise- whenever possible. MINNIE PALMER. her actions construed into "an advertise-

For myself: As children, we were always allowed to follow our individual feelings, and accompany our old nurse and friend on Sunday morning to church, or re-main at home, when mother would read prayers. Our prayer books were given us as rewards of merit for good behavior, and to-day I possess mine, with the inscription:
"To our dear daughter
FANKY,
on her eighth birthday,"

with the quotation underneath,

"Honor thy father and thy mother." My constant companion on all my jour-neyings is: "The Imitation of Christ," and from its verses I glean my most satisfying

My mother is a true, consistent Christian woman of the Episcopalian faith. My father was a Swedenborgian, and died in that As for my personal convictions: I do not

believe in the existence of a hell, or in future punishment. My conviction is strong that our sufferings for the sins of our lives are on this earth, and that every seed sown bears I believe that charity is a religion in

itself, and that God is the best judge of our inmost mind and heart. I believe that God does not always punish the wicked nor reward the good, but that we ourselves do this within our own hearts and minds. FANNY DAVENPORT.

SALVINI, THE TRAGEDIAN.

Gives a Reason for the Public Prejudice Agninst Actors.

My experience of 45 years on the stage convinces me that the stage is not calculated to make a man or woman forget his religious obligations. It is absurd to suppose that actors are not religious, because from my long observation I have found that they are apt to be very religious. By the word religious I mean people who are really gentlemen or ladies by action and honest by heart. without which I do not attach importance to a person's Christianity. At the same time I have found that actors, as a rule, are very religious. While I am a member of the Catholic Church I respect all people, regardless of their religious denomination, whether they are attached to the Greek, Jewish, or Christian Church. Regarding the widespread belief that actors, as a rule, are without religious convictions, I think that public prejudice in this direction arises from the fact that some actors do not please the public, and that some of the characters which they portray are likely to create a wrong impression. On the stage the actions of all actors are, of course, given publicity, while off the stage the actor's wrong-doings are given a greater degree of publicity than those of other people in private life; and this is the case with all public personages. I can only add that in my opinion the artist that expresses and feels buman passions cannot but be convinced that there is a Supreme Being that shapes and guides his religious sentiments.

WHAT THE ACTOR'S RELIGION IS.

Billy Florence Suve it is to Love God and he Merry.

Actors and actresses are neither better nor worse than other people. They are liable to the same emotions, have the same sensibility and are moved by the same "touch of nature that makes the world akin." Their great knowledge of human nature, their rare intelligence—and they are as intelligent as any class-fit them for noble purposes. Among the members of the dramatic profession I have never met any who did not Power. I have found among them loving of soap.

and faithful sons and daughters, a God fearing and law-abiding people, who would blash to stoop to many practices indulged in by some Pharisaical preachers and stage-condemning maw-worms, who periodically attack the honorable and ancient calling of the actor. To do good, to battle for the glorious light of truth and reason, to show vice in its shaded and debasing sense, to warn mankind of the peril incurred in out-raging law and nature, to love God and be merry, is the player's religion and mine.
WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

RHEA'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

She Finds That Actors Religiously Observe the Golden Rule.

What is the sign of a good Christian? To follow the laws of Christ. What does He teach above all things? Charity! And where will you find more charitable people, who are less ostentations in their charities, than actors? They cannot, unfortunately, attend divine service with the same regu-larity as those in other professions—yet, how often, after a week of hard work and constant traveling, have I seen the young men and women of my company rise early on Sunday morning and attend church.

I have now been seven years in this country, and I have yet to hear the first word spoken against religion, or the first oath uttered by any member of my company. contrary, I have seen several of them at their devotions—earnest and sincere believers and followers of the Church and

its teachings. The actors, I believe, are better, reli-giously, than those who seek to criticise them. That is my opinion. RHEA.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE. The Venerable John Glibert's Opinion of the

Dramatic Profession. The deep-rooted impression of the public

and intelligent classes that our actors have no respect for sacred things relating to religion and the Church, was always a source of wonder to me. I believe and know that the professors of my art have, as our great Master says, "a tear for pity and a hand open as day for melting charity," as well as our brothers and sisters of other professions. But why such extraordinary interest should be felt by a portion of the public for the religious views of the dramatic profession, any more than those of other callings and

arts, likewise passes my comprehension.

JOHN GILBERT.

[The above was written by Mr. Gilbert but a fortuight previous to his death. I

A DEVOUT CHURCHWOMAN.

Rose Coghian Tells How Sunday Travel Interfores With Religious Duties.

Stage life is of such a character that it is often impossible for the actor to get an opportunity to attend church service. Threequarters of us spend many more than half the Sundays in the year on the cars. Sunday is the one day set apart for theatrical companies to move from one town or city to another. We will play in a city from Monday until Saturday, and the next Monday night we are billed to play in a city 200 miles away. How shall we reach there if we do not travel on the Sabbath? Hence, we are almost invariably on the cars on Sun days. I believe in the Church. I think it is the greatest institution for good of which the world is possessed, and would be glad if I had more opportunities to attend its ROSE COGHLAN.

Mrs. Bowers is an Episcopallan

I am a member of the Episcopal Church, though I realize a most unworthy one. I believe in the Holy Creed of that church. I need say no more as to myself. For my pro-fession, as a whole, I do not believe that actors are, as a class, irreligious, any more so than the men and women of any other MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

Minnie Palmer is a Catholic.

I received my earliest education at the

A PRINCE'S CARELESSNESS.

How a Broken Piece of China Became a Valuable Memento. Washington Post.1

There is a man in this city whose chief business is mending china.

"The mending of china in this city is increasing in proportion to the amount of fine china being introduced into the houses of the wealthy," said Henry Forrester. "In Europe the art of mending china is one that occupies a great many people and that calls forth the greatest degree of skill. This is so from the fact that heirlooms in a family cannot be replaced, and every effort is made to preserve them after being broken when they are in the form of china. You would think that the breaking of a bowl would reduce its value a great deal, but there are pieces of such china in Europe that have been broken into a dozen pieces, put together again and are then worth more than before the ca-

"Of course such cases have arisen only when the breaking was connected with some historic event that created a relic of the broken piece. There was a punch bowl, I remember, for sale in a china store of Ber-lin some years ago. The present Emperor, then a Prince, visited the store and in looking over the goods accidentally broke one of the handsomest pieces of chinaware there. He at once offered to pay for it at any price the dealer should name, but the latter being equal to the occasion insisted that he could not take money for it, but said that if the Prince would but write a line saying that he had accidentally broken the bowl it would cause no loss. The note was written and without the Prince's knowledge was attached on the mended china. The price that had formerly been on it was increased fourfold, the bowl was sold, and after the Prince became Emperor it was worth many times what it had brought at the

MAJOR JONES' PROUD BOAST.

A Story of a War Experience Told to Incredulous Henrers.

Major Jones, who served with credit in the late war, is no liar, yet when he tells a story he generally manages to astonish his hearers just the same. He is fond of boasting that he participated in numerous battles without receiving a wound of any descrip-tion. Remembering this fact, his com-rades were astonished when he remarked the other evening at a Grand Army meeting:

"Gentlemen, the battle of Antietam was the hottest engagement I ever saw. My regiment, as some of you are aware, was exposed to a galling fire for more than two hours without even the poor satisfaction of firing a shot in return. During this trying season, while I was receiving an order from the colonel, a cannon ball came straight for me, mowing a swath through the tall grass. I have good reason to remember that shot, gentlemen, for it took off both legs."
"What!" cried an astonished listener, as

he glanced at the speaker's shapely limbs. "Of my horse," added the imperturbable Major, while a sigh of relief went up from the assembled veterans.

Detroit Free Press.]

A Baltimore Aparchist says he has invented a sort of percussion cap, no larger than a 3-cent piece, which, when filled with the new explosive, extralite, and scattered on the sidewalk, will blow up every man who treads on one. It has never occurred to any Anarchist to invent a new kind of working tool or to manufacture a new brand

LIFE IN CHINATOW Thousands of Almond-Eved Celestials

Packed Like Sardines in THE HEART OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A Visit to the Opium Joss Houses and the Theater.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] SAN FRANCISCO, November 22 .- Chinatown proper comprises six blocks running north and south and from east to west three. It occupies one of the finest sites in San Francisco, as the streets infested by the "Asiatic curse" are on a gentle slope, rising almost from the bay, and from the top story windows of the celestial dwellings a beautiful view of the bay, Oakland and all its pretty suburbs can be had. Night in the Chinese quarters is rather picturesque on the exterior, and its streets are rife with colored lauterns and promenading pigtails. A conservative estimate has placed the num ber of souls habitating these few blocks at 40,000. A faint idea of the Chinese superior faculty for economizing space can be gleaned from the fact that there are quartered, at the present time, in the old Globe Hotel, 1,100 people in 200 rooms. Those rooms having a 10 or 12-foot ceiling have been ceiled a second time half way down, each room having, as it were, an attic. A ladder leads to a hole cut through the floor of this second story, which is used as an entrance and exit for the family or families occupying it. This building has been condemned time and

the earth of this filth and disease-breeding THE CHINESE QUARTER.

again, but the authorities seem loth to rid

A visit was paid to the Chinese quarter last evening. We entered an alley way, dark as Stygia, and after a few stumbles were landed in a kind of court. An oil lamp against the wall sent flickering lights and dancing shadows among a lot of old sheds, and one had to wonder that even shadows permitted themselves to be seen in snadows permitted themselves to be seen in such an ill-smelling space. The buildings which backed on this space reminded one of a rickety old jail. They were three stories high, with base-ments level with the space in the court, which was some feet lower than the pavement. To each story of the surrounding buildings bung ancient and drooping stoops, and every window in the place was barred with thick wooden slabs. This is a very necessary precaution, as the people, from experience, have learned not to trust one another. Honesty is so rare an exception to the rule, and its existence is so speculative a matter among themselves that the precaution was general. Opening into this court were a number of opium dens in cellars or basements. As we passed along we came upon an old Chinaman kneeling on the ground over a small blaze built of kindling, on which was placed an old tin can. He was brewing his supper. His bending attitude, claw-like fingers and nails, his yellow withered face, scraggly chin whiskers and pigtall, seen by the fitful light of his fire, which lit the squalid sur-roundings faintly now and then by fits and starts, lent a demoniac air to the old fellow.

IN AN OPIUM DEN. At a door further along our guide rapped and spoke a word in Chinese which seemed to be the "sesame." We stepped inside, and found ourselves in a typical opium "joint," of which there are hundreds. The ceiling could be touched with no effort by a person of medium height, and it was in keeping with the walls, which encompassed a space not exceeding nine feet square, ebonized by dirt and smoke. On a small filth-encrusted deal table a wick spluttered in some oil in a bowl, and served to light the spacious dwelling. Between ceiling and floor were three layers of bunks built wide enough to accommodate a man re-Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattan- clining head to the wall. This freak of ville, N. Y., and have never ceased to be- architecture brought our heads in dangerous and unbooted feet which dangled over the sides of the bunk, but as they remained motionless we presumed the attached trucks and craniums were happily in the "fiends" heaven of fantastical dreams. There were twelve men sleeping or smooking themselves to sleep in this place, while one sat on an old soap box and guzed at us and another stood by the door. None of us spoke, and after a lew breaths of the atmosphere, which can be better imagined than described, we went into the dark court again, and closed the door on the "fiends" who, the guide said, were "Lappy

We looked into dozens of such places, o which the above-described is a fair specimen. Many were much worse, but with few exceptions were any an improvement. THE CHINESE THEATER.

We next visited the Chinese theater. The interior of the place was a labyrinth of tiny rooms, honeycombed up and down, crosswise and lengthwise and in every direction by halls scarcely wide enough to admit of a

The actors' apartments were very nobbylin their "little artless Chinese fashion," and generally very clean; furnished with oilcloths on the floors, matting-covered couches and rows of small chairs. Their opium outfits very dudish, the pipes and other necessities being pearl inlaid, and in one cozy den a life-sized Chinese beauty gave us a bias-eyed smile from an ebony frame, on the wall, and by her hung a musical instrument not unlike a guitar. We traversed below stairs, and on accidentally opening a door leading into a cellar under the pavement, we were confronted by a coffin containing the remains of a Chinaman. The clothes which had been taken from him were thrown on the ground beside The coffin, and the everlasting wick burned by a bowl of rice and some chop stick, there was not even a chair in the hole they had poked him, and so he was left alone in glory, while occasionally the faint tinkling

of the music overhead in the theater stole down the stairs to keep him company. When misfortune or illness overtakes their fellow countrymen, the Chinese have no further use for them, and in illness, when they are known to be beyond recovery, they are deserted and left to die, or taken to the Chinese undertaker and left to wait, unattended, for the inevitable, and not seldom are they thrown into the streets. One of the San Francisco dailies contained an account not long since of such a case. A man, swellen beyond semblance to anything human by dropsy, was carried out, thrown in the gutter and left to die. The unfortu-nate wretch was discovered by a police officer and removed to the receiving hospital,

where he died on arrival. After leaving the poor fellow who had "gone before," we went up several flights of stairs and were landed by the sudden termination of one of them in the greenroom of the theater. It was a large room, and at least 50 people were in it, a number of white men among them. The actors wer waiting their turns to go on; painting their faces and arranging the most obvious of false whiskers. We were conducted through

a curtained door and found ourselves ON THE STAGE facing an audience of 500 or 600 heathers.

We were seated a little to one side, and

the play went on.

There is no scenery. The only shifting done on a Chinese stage is the removal of a large rue after the wealthy or mighty are done declaiming, and when the poorer class are simulated the actors tread the boards. Properties there are none. The stage is furnished with a couple of awkward wooden chairs, which are placed and removed by an ugly fat old fellow in his everyday clothes, when the occasion required. The actors come in one door, pow-wow at one another

the commingling of trouser legs and sieeves until one is dazed to discern which is which, is the same in the costumes and postures of the drama as on the fans. The indies are personated by men who rock sround on minute wooden soles, in disguises which do not deceive anyone but thereshes. anyone but themselves. The performance is anything but satisfactory to a person not educated up to its fine points. Aside from this, the orchestra, which is seated at the back of the stage, keeps up an appalling clamor. An ascetic-looking Chinaman banged with all his might and main on a pair of cymbals; another thumped on what seemed to be an inverted dinner pot; an-other plucked hysterical shricks from a stringed instrument, while a fourth patiently HIGHBINDERS AND THEIR DARK DEEDS hammered with chopsticks on a hardwood block, and among them they made consider

able noise.

The ladies who attend the drama are cooped in a gallery by themselves. They are not permitted to mix with the male portion of the audience, who keep their hats on and smoke and chew sugar cane, which is hawked among them by a prototype of the peanut boy of the circus.

The later the hour grows the less the admission fee gets. As there was no possibility of waiting for the climax of the play, that being some time the next evening, we hastened to remove our hearing from the tender mercies of the orchestra.

A BAND OF ASSASSINS. Next we went to the Joss house of a society who claim to be Masons, "alle same like Melican," but they are nothing less than a powerful clan of Highbinders. They have a gorgeously fitted up lodgeroom where they meet to conspire, and in it an altar, on which rests an effigy of the founder of their society, who, they claim, lived to be 150 years old, grew very rich and died with all his teeth intact. An incense lamp is kept constantly alight before the altar, and the place is strewn with paper flowers, and all the paraphernalia and gimeracks peculiar

to heathen worship.

There is a joss in Chinatown for all occasions, and every one has his own private God to whom he pa's devotion. From the temple of the God of Charity they take paper money and scatter it before their doors to keep out the devils of poverty, believing the imps will be too busy gathering up the bits of paper to think of venturing in. A smart devil would certainly venture still nearer, taking such reckless generosity as a pointer to stay right along with so

much wealth There are several factions of Highbinders, and their murderous enmity to one another causes them to slaughter right and left in the dark, and not seldom does an open outbreak or riot place some of them behind the bars. They are the most rascally set of thieves and murderers that ever populated a fair city, and though their crimes, in general, are confined among their own countrymen, an occasional outsider gets a stab in the dark, and their strength and numbers make the matter of detection rather a difficult

undertaking.
We visited, too, the swell tea house restaurant, and were paid for the effort of climbing many stairs to reach the bauquet hall by seeing some splendidly executed wood carvings which decorate its walls. It is here that the merchants and bloods have their feasts, and from its verandas can be seen one of the most beautiful views of San

A BIRD WITNESSES A MURDER, The Whipporwill's Mind is Affected by What

He Sees.

what is known as Horses' Pasture a solitary by two men, who offered to drive him to his destination. Too drunk to be cautious, he accepted and was taken into their wagon. They drove aimlessly about until he fell asicep, and then proceeded to this gaunt oak, under whose branches the deed of death was done.

"There happened to be in the br the time a whippoorwill that saw the foul deed, watching each motion with an interest so intense that it attracted the attention of the murderers. And since then upon every night at the stroke of 1 the bird comes back to his resting place, and, in a note that is far more plaintive than the usual utterance of its kind, sends forth the peculiar 'whip poor-will!' that is the note of its kind. He never fails, his song is heard upon no other time, and no other bird is ever seen upon that tree. I do not attempt to account for this. I only tell it as it is."

A PRETTY SWEDISH CUSTOM.

Asking Forgiveness for Faults Committed Before Going to Church.

Detroit Free Press.] The family of a clergyman in this city employs a simple Swede girl as a domestic who has not yet mastered all the intricacies of the English language. One evening recently she appeared before the mistress and asked for money to pay for dressmaking.

"Did von have your dresses made before ou came to this country, Christine?" asked her mistress.

"I make some parts there, but not all. I

never make a fool dress like you wear in The same girl has continued the pretty custom of her people regarding church going on communion days. Before leaving her employer's house to attend the place of worship she shakes hands with each membe of the family and asks forgiveness if she has eft any duty undone, and gives her blessing to them all. Then she goes off with a light

heart to make her peace with heaven. ARE YOUR FEET MATES?

If You Think They Are, Most Likely You're Mistaken.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] Are your feet mates? is a street query, but every shoemaker will tell you it is a most reasonable one. Many people buy their shoes already made, and find it exceedingly disagreeable to "break them in." A new shoe, unless too tight or too loose, should size, you will always have trouble until the ready-made shoe is worn to the foot. This follows because one of your feet is smaller than the other, and while one of a pair of

shoes fits, the other does not. While few may know it, only about 8 per cent have feet of the same size. Generally the left foot is larger than the right, though of course it is not uncommon to see the lat-ter the larger. Why this is, would be hard to say, but if you have a last look at it the next time you go to your shoemaker.

FAILING SIGHT QUICKLY CURED. A Waggish Scotchman's Ruse to Get His Brend Buttered.

Scottish American.?

A farmer's wife near Kirriemuir was noted for her scrimp dietary to her farm hands. A waggish plowboy resolved to make one desperate effort to improve matters. Accordingly one day at breakfast he suddenly uttered a howl, and holding his hands over his eyes cried out: "I'm turnin' blin'," oh guidsake, I canna see. Oh, mercy mel this is awfu'l" had happened.

CLOSE OF THE FAIR. Americans Whose Services Were Recognized by Decorations.

PITTSBURG CITIZEN HONORED. Financial Results of the Great Paris

CHICAGO BEING BOOMED BY THE PRENCH

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

Exposition.

Panis, November 7 .- We knew who of the Americans had been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor before the Exhibition closed its doors for ever. The one was made public last Sunday, the other took place yesterday. Between these two dates those exhibitors, jurors and intriguers who had hoped for the red ribbon, but did not secure it, had plenty of time to indulge in considerable kicking. Some of the decorations were deserved and some were not. As things go General Franklin was entitled to the Cross of Grand Officer, but Mr. Somerville Pinkney Tuck, the Assistant Commissioner General, should have been made more than mere Officer. What he should have had was Commander, for not only was he second in rank, but he really did most of the work. The other Officers were General Francis Walker, of the Boston Institute of Technology; Mr. Elihu Thomson, the electrician; Bailly-Blanchard, Secretary to the Commission, and Rush Hawkins, who called himself expert of the art department, but whose expertness consisted from the beginning in being as cruel as possible to all women and most discourteous in his treat-ment of journalists. The new Chevaliers in the Legion of Honor are William Gunnell, of the Commission—he is kicking be-cause he was not made an Officer; Mr. Abdank, a foreign gentleman not yet an American citizen, but who has been of incalculable aid as an expert and juryman; Captain Henry Cochrane, commander of the detachment of marines, a splendid officer; Captain Lyle, of the army, expert; Lieutenant Ward, of the navy; Mr. David Cahn, juror-a capitalist formerly of San Francisco; Max Hellman, of the house of Seligman Brothers, juror; A. L. Rotch, juror; D. Urquhart, Jr., expert in furniture department, rather young for the position, but aided in his endeavors by his uncle, Robert MacLane, ex-Minister to France from the United States, a brother, I believe, of Mrs. James Brown Potter; William T. Dallatt, juror, an exhibitor of paintings; Edward Moore, exhibitor, member of the house of Tiffany & Company; Warren C. Healey, maker of carriages; Nathaniel Wheeler, maker of sewing machines; Will-Sellers, maker of tools; L. W. Fairchild, maker of pens; W. H. Done, maker of machinery, and John La Farze, maker of glass. You will notice that the manufacturers are away ahead of art, that science shows up once only and that education is well

A PITTSBURGER HONORED.

There were some other recompenses be stowed on experts, exhibitors and jurymen, and these were called Officers of Public Instruction and Officers of the Academy. Among those of Public Instruction were Lieutenant Buckingham, of the Navy, who I tell the story as it came to me from the lips of a reputable citizen of Austin, Tex.: the Legion of Honor, where he was appointed Chevalier a few years back; Alexander Harrison, a painter of some talent. what is known as Horses' Pasture a solitary oak, under which at 1 o'clock upon a dark and quiet night a man was foully murdered. He was in the possession of money, which he had foolishly displayed in a saloon, and when he started for home he was followed when he started for home he was followed to the transfer of some talent, but not particularly great, except in his own estimation, which, by the way, is an estimation that most artists have of their modest selves — he scornfully refuses to be an Officer of Public Instruction, Doctor W. H. Chandler, Mr. Spenger R. Newhere Mr. Arthur Mr. Spencer B. Newbery, Mr. Arthur Stace, Mr. Thurstone, Mr. Wellman Parks, Mr. Silvanus Gotendorf, Mr. W. T. Harris, Mr. Charles S. Hastings and Mr. Charles Summer Taintor also received the violet rosette. The Officers of the Academy include Mr. George J. Luckey, of Pittshuag, who, however, so I am told, has not been near the Exhibition, as is also the case with Mr. James MacAllister, of Philadelphia, another new Officer of the Academy. In the list is Van de Stucken, a musician, who came over

here with money furnished him by a rich New York lady, and gave a concert at the and those who did have been regretting it Yesterday was the last day, and we had glorious weather for the windup of the grandest exhibition the world has yet known. Not a cloud was seen in the azure sky, the sunset was the most resplendent of the year, and a round silvery moon lent its light to the evening scenes. The President and Madame Carnot were among the 500,000 persons present at the close of the great fair organized in commemoration of the centen-nary of French liberty. Just six months to a day had passed since the President had officially opened it, and during these 185 days the earth has sent its people in crowds to see its wonders. Competitors and rivals from all countries exposed their works and

manufactures; the New World showed ex-Champ de Mars and the Esplanade des Invalides drew forth an admiring and co-fraternal outburst of praise from every-body. The Eiffel Tower, the Gallery of machinery, the domes, all the etceteras without precedent as wonders, were admired by millions upon millions of visitors, and for the first time in the annals of exhibitions the extraordinary fact happened that never once was there any relaxation of the world's people's enthusiasm. For six months France and Paris feted the entire universe, and this exhibition has been a republican triumph as well as a national solemnity. To rural and provincial France, Paris has presented the spectacle of a teeming hive where industry, art and science shone with incomparable brilliancy. To strangers, foreigners from nigh and far off, France has appeared resplendent in her great national qualities of courteous hos-pitality, order, liberalism and universal ex-

Opened on the 6th of May, this exhibition

cellence.

closed the 6th of November, six months to a day, 185 days and evenings of uninterrupted and unalloyed greatness. Seven million visitors from the provinces of France came never be painful to wear. Unless you have to Paris to see it, and as it is a last of your own, or your feet are the same estimated that each one of these persons spent at least \$20, a total of \$140,000,000 left in Paris by persons from the departments alone. As for foreigners, the estimate is that 1,500,000 have been in Paris during these six months. If the average amount spent by each of these is accepted at \$100, we find another \$150,000,000 were thus poured into the capital. The po-lice divide these foreigners by nationality as follows: English, 390,000; Belgians, 225,400; Germans, 160,000; Americans (North), 90,000; Spaniards, 56,000; Swiss, 55,000; Italians, 38,000; Austrians, 35,000; Americans (South), 25,000; from Africa, 12,000; Asiatics, 8,500; Russians, 10,000; Greeks, Turks and Roumanians, 5,000; Portuguese, 4,500; Oceanica (Java, etc.), 3,000; Swedes and Norwegians, 2,500; divers nations, 12,000. Between the 6th of May and the 6th of November there were 25,428,-254 paying entries. The statistics of deadheads are not yet known, but the number of cards reserved to the press, exhibitors, employes, etc., amounted to 29,000, which means at least 4,000,000 free entries.

Moreover, the exhibition has been profitover his eyes cried out: "I'm turnin' blin', able for exposants, for they have sold vast quantities of goods, as well as made them-this is awfu'!"

His master, alarmed, asked the lad how it went we saw placards "Sold" attached to their articles. I saw a vase with "Vendue the reply, "for when I looked at my breid I couldna see ony butter on "t."

Quatre-vingt dix-huit fois"—sold 98 times—and the article cost each buyer \$30. Any number of this couldna see ony butter on "t." ouldna see ony butter on't."

number of things were ticketed as having been sold 50, 60 and 80 times over. You and pass out on the opposite side. It is just as possible to understand from the pantomime of the play what is happening as from the language. The best idea of what Chinese drama is like can be gleaned from the pictures on the Chinese fans. The actors

names of persons from the other side of the Channel and from the United States. The day when the public were first permitted to mount it, that is to say, from the 15th of May last. In round figures that structure cost \$1,000,000; its elevators have taken in commenced running. The shares represent \$20 each, and the capital stock was returned to every sharebolder as long ago as the 15th of September. The comago as the 15th of September. The company now own the tower, and all taken in after this will be profit, for their original subscription was handed back to them at the date indicated. The restaurants inside the exhibition grounds have all done well. One company, which has three establishments of the cheaper kind, has cleared \$100,000 profit. There is not a reastaurateur in the grounds but who has cleared his \$40,000 or \$50,000. Brebant, the Roumanian restaurant, and the Alsatian dining room, all three on the first platform of the Eiffel tower, have each gained a profit of \$400 daily. The bars did a thriving business, so too did the bakers, and the pork ness, so too did the bakers, and the pork sellers, and the wine dealers—everybody in

fact who had anything to sell or any way whatever of making money. A BOOM FOR CHICAGO. Some of the leading French journals are 'pulling" hard for Chicago for the Exhibi-ion of 1892. The Journal des Debats, undoubtedly one of the most serious and powerful newspapers in Europe, says:

At the present moment, the great question in America is to create an immense Universal Exhibition in 1892 and which will be the sequel of ours of 1889. Two large cities are disputing which shall have the honor of organizing this great Exhibition. On one hand, New York, the financial center, on the other, Chicago, the commercial center. In this pacific, but very keen strife, it was believed at first that the former city would come off victor, but from recent and private information, and which we guarantee the authenticity of, we are led to believe the "giant of the great laxes," Chicago, will obtain more voices in Congress than her elder, richer and better placed rival. From now, it is almost certain that Chicago will be the city selected at which the universal exhibition of 1892 will be held. We confess that this conclusion has all our sympathies, as although we have not a voice in the matter, we do not think that our New York friends require telling that an exhibition ought to be in the city which furnishes the best type of the civilization and progress made by the great Republic. The choice of Chicago, therefore, appears to be compulsory. Each universal exhibition up to the present has been distinguished by the particular genius of the matter. This was logical. Thus, at Paris, we were desirous that the unrivaled attractions which we offered to foreigners should be of an essentially French character and not over cosmopolitan. We willingly recognize the part that Belgium, Spain, England and America have taken in the exhibition of 1892 is, above all, American, and it is for this reason that Chicago, the typical city of the United States, should be designated as the one in which the civilization of young America should be incarnate, if we may use such a term. Whichever may be the site chosen, France will, undoubtedly, endeavor to contribute to the success of this arribbtion. It will afford her and of the part of the part of the part of th doubtedly one of the most serious powerful newspapers in Europe, says: incarnate, if we may use such a term. Whichever may be the site chosen, France will, undoubtedly, endeavor to contribute to the success of this exhibition. It will afford her an opportunity of securing fresh triumphs for her industry, and it will enable the two nations to unite more closely the bonds of friendship which already exists between them.

HENRY HAYNIE.

A GREAT MORAL LESSON.

If You Are Not a Fool, Never Get Mad at Your Best Girl.

New York Sun.1 It was agreed by everybody in the ear that she was the homeliest woman they ever saw, and the man in the seat with her probably noticed the sly glances and heard some of the whispered exclamations. He became restless and uneasy, and by and by got up and walked back to where a couple of drum-

mers sat and said:
"Boys, she's my wife."

"Yes!" responded one.
"I allow that she's homly 'nuff to scare a hungry bear out of a hog pen, but it's all

my fault." "And I'll tell you the story, because there is a great moral lesson in it. We was engaged to be married. I took her into Sarygaged to be married. I took her into Sarycuse to a Fourth of July. There she met
Bill Prime, an old beau of hers, and to make
me jealous, as some gals will, you know, she
agreed to ride home with him. It hit me
hard, as you may believe, and so I went out
to the stable and drove tacks into Bill'share
to the stable and drove tacks into Bill'share

or a sort of raised rocky dais as high as senhora's knees. On this furze fagots were
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hord to sort of raised rocky dais as high as senhora's knees. On this furze fagots were
hord to sort of raised rocky dais as high as senhora's knees. to the stable and drove tacks into Bill's harness. When they came to start out the horse ran away. Bill jumped out and didn't get a scratch, but Mary stayed till the buggy struck a bridge and was all smashed up; She lost 12 teeth, had her nose broken, her mouth torn out at the corner, an eye cocked up, her toes turned in, her tongue bit half in two, and the color of her hair changed to the brindle you now see before you."

"I see the moral lesson. "Not yit, you don't! That came in when I tried to give her the shake and crawl out of the marriage. Her old dad put on the screws, and I had to come to time or lose my farm, and so I walked chalk. The great moral lesson is, never get mad at your best gal. If you do get mad don't make a fule of yourself. That's all, hoys, and I hope the warning will sink deep into yer

INVENTED BY A FARMER'S BOY.

Machine That Has Brought Millions to Its Owner's Pockets.

Lewiston Journal. One of the richest and one of the most modest men in York county, is Horace Woodman, of Saco, who was born a farmer's boy in the little town of Hollis and began life as an apprentice in a machine shop in Saco. He subsequently went to Lowell, and while there, in the year 1850, saw that the mills needed a self-stripping cotton card. He invented one, and asked the agent of the Lowell mills to give his invention a trial, but was ignored. He then ing alongside. A basin containing some sought Saco as the place to introduce his mysterious stew flanked the yam; and piled

also invented a knitting machine and a I responded with a hearty "Amenl" but deshingle machine, which are used from the clined the wine, as I belong to quite a

LIFE IN THE AZORES.

Edgar Wakeman Plays a Solo on His Chamber Furniture and

FILLS HIS HOSTS WITH ALARM. Process of Preparing Breakfast in Quaint St. Michael.

I had seen on the strange craft from St. Mary's in the harbor, a wash bowl of pewter, centuries old, and a coarse linen towel ample enough to have formed a respectable toga in lieu of other garments. The one chair, or stool, of the room was constructed of rawhide thongs over a hollow frame-work so ponderous that curiosity as to its possible service as a drum possessed me. With my two hobbeeled shoes I so well succeeded in beating a resounding reveille upon it, that in a twinkling Senhor, Senhora, Senhorita, in a twinkling Senhor, Senhora, Senhorita, and a delegation of wonderful numbers from the street responded with great alacrity and trepidation. In the name of the Virgin, was Senhor in peril? No, only in good health, and like the average American, characteristically lively. They were relieved and so was I; they of alarm, protestations and blessings, which, in the Azores are delicious, cheap and musical, and myself of small change as an agreeable back-door ant of an emberrassing dilegens which door out of an embarrassing dilemma, which, door out of an emberrassing different, which, in turn, engendered much excitement in the street below. But soon the maiden's song about the Lisbou maiden was resumed; cer-tain odors stealing from the patio disclosed that my breakfast was being prepared, and other odors from the street told that the populace had invested my money in tobacco possessing qualities of unusual vigor and

A GROTESQUE GROUP.

Both scenes furnished little Azorean pictures in their way. Below the balcony stood the aged Senhor, Manuel, my host a regular jarretta as to his old-fashioned dress, and grandly conscious of his dignity in the possession of a genuine traveler under his roof. With Manuel a score of swarthy arrieros or donkey drivers, and cocheiros or cabrase was humble averaged and held for the second rieiros or donkey drivers, and cocheiros or cabmen, were humbly arguing and pleading for opportunity of profit from his guest; as many market women loitered to enjoy the arguments and learn the outcome; while double the number of bright, happy, but half-naked children squatted upon the ground or grouped themselves in all manner of unconsciously grotesque postures and made merry comment upon the hidden estrangeiro who carried thunder in his baggage and beat the timbales that he might scatter money among them. Nearly all scatter money among them. Nearly all were smoking odd-looking and vile eigarwere smoking odd-looking and vile cigar-ettes, rolled in corn-hunks, which, whenever vehement periods of protestations or argu-ment were being approached, were invari-ably deposited with great dignity and pre-cision behind their swarthy ears.

Opposite my chamber, along the shadowy end of the court was the surest sign of equa-

ble clime and summery days. That was my breakfast cooking in the open air-not upon Above one of these on a triangular fists. piece of iron something was grilling. Above the other, in a copper pot, held there from a long distance by a wooden pike beneath its bail or handle, something was stewing. Be-tween bars and snatches of senhoritas's song, the maiden with ample bust and hips, with arms akimbo and hands pressing against the sides of her scarlet bodice, converted herself

A HUMAN BLOW PIPE.

feeding the flame of furze with such blasts from her powerful lungs as would for the time completely hide the two females in a kind of volcanic shower of ashes, the vola kind of volcanic shower of ashes, the volumes of smoke swirling away toward the
clouds through the ever-open roof of the
court. Thus for an hour came song and
smoke and strange dissolving views of
breakfast, women and fire, when gray old
Manuel most ceremoniously conducted me
to my almoco or breakfast, set, I was interested to find, in his songful daughter's
bondoir, which, among other common objects of use and decoration, provided room
in one pleasant corner for the family heuroost and a fragrant hed of rushes for sey. roost and a fragrant bed of rushes for several demure and grave-faced members of the gentle herd of family goats.

The table was bare of covering, but amends were made in dishes and their cou-

tents. A tremendous frasca para vinho or wine flagon of glass with a pewter goblet at its side was suggestive of the lost vineyard glories of the Azores. A brown earthen plate before me held a slice of grilled Conger eel of mighty proportions. A sweet po-tato or yam, big as a cuspidor, stood steampatent and the directors of the York mills before me in an actual recklessness of munificence was a mountain of corn-meal bread, permission to set it up to be tried by them. He made an improvement on it, which increased its value, and then its final success was assured.

Was assured.

Manuel filling a goblet with the "passado," or sweet wine of Fayal, set it be-For 12 years he fought over two score corporations throughout New England for infringing upon his patent, finally winning his suits. The manufacturer of the patent has realized \$7,000,000. Mr. Woodman has on this house for you, stranger and friendly less than the stranger and friendly on this house for you, stranger and friendly less than the stranger and friendly on the stranger and stranger and stranger and stranger and stranger and stranger and shingle machine, which are used from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in 1877 the English Government granted him a patent on a cotton loom. He is still frisky and may yet give the world another big thing.

clined the wine, as I belong to quite a numerous alumni of honorable graduates as wine drinkers; whereupon my host expressed the greatest alarm regarding my health, but was fully reassured before I had

done with the strange though not unsavor food before me

A KINDLY PROPLE.

In form and feature Azoreans are neither to delicate nor classic as the Spanish. If Citizen Train's assertion that "Fat is Death!" be true, then death lurks in these sunny isles. Both men and women are short, plump and over fed in appearance, though a limpess are recommended. short, plump and over fed in appearance, though glimpses now and then upon street or balcony of senoritas of face and form divine may often be had. But the taller, litber, more willowy, oriental and romantic types are oftener seen among the really handsome peasantry and the lowly classes in the cities.

HANDSOME MEN AND BEAUTIPUL GIRLS

tcorrespondence of the disparce. I

St. Michael, Azores, October 30.

"Quero cantar a Satola
Ja que cutra moda nao set
Minha mai era Salola
Eu com ella me cricis"

This lugubrious song about a Lisbon market-maiden awoke me from restful slumber on the morning after my arrival at Ponta Delgada. A young woman was singing in the patio beneath. The wind, balmy and warm as in our June mornings, pulsed into and out of the old alcoba, swaying the cortinas pleasantly. It was a queer place, but dreamful and idyllic as one might wish to know. I found convenient for use water for washing in a huge vessel of pottery such as I handsome peasantry and the lowly classes in the cities.

The latter, after all, furnish the most interesting studies. They are the kindliest people on earth. Among the 20,000 of them in Ponta Delgada no human could suffer insult or fear any known dauger. From the naked child playing in the gutter or by the fountains, past all manner of servitors in every plaza, inn court or church door, to the most abandoned lout sunning himself upon the quays or at wineshop entrances, there is naught but kindliness people on earth. Among the 20,000 of them in Ponta Delgada no human could suffer fountains, past all manner of servitors in every plaza, inn court or church door, to the most abandoned lout sunning himself upon the quays or at wineshop entrances, there is naught but kindliness in act, word or look. And this look in the faces of such radiant and sunny good nature, beaming with a smile of such extraordinary sweetness, that the stranger's whole heart, if he have one, grows and glows in genial content and gratitude. In this is one of the liveliest pleasures of a visit to the Azores.

The most characteristic street winders in the cities.

visit to the Azores.

The most characteristic street-scenes owe their color wholly to the lowly. The fisherfolk from whom we secure for New Bedford and Gloucester service our most valued and Gloucester service our most valued fishermen, are more picturesque than the pescadores of Havana. The cocheiros with their broad hate, short jackets, short baggy trowsers' bare feet and tremendous whips or goads, are a wonderful set of fellows, voluble to distraction, full of mighty oaths, harmless as kittens and houest beyond all belief. The city brings its water from mountain lakes to innumerable fountains which spout, babble and sing day and night long. MODELS FOR ARTISTS.

At every one of these old moss-covered

jetties groups of barefooted men and women constantly gather These are the water car-riers of Ponta Delgads, and an artist can at any time of the day find as picturesque modany time of the day find as picturesque mod-els as the Riviera can anywhere turnish. What muscular awarthy fellows they are, and what graceful attitudes and posings they unconsciously assume as they lotter a bit for chatter and gossip before they shoulder the great wooden casks and trot gaily away with their mighty loads, with the air of a mount-aineer without an ounce of burden to encum-her his wire limbs. ber his wiry limbs. And see these Azorean girls—graat dancing oyes, pouting lips ever parting from dazzling white teeth, their tongues ceaselessly running in musical staccato, and their supple forms ever in irrepres sible movement from the boundless life within them. Their short skirts disclose limbs and feet which outrival the Venus of Con in delicate symmetry. Their smart bodiess vainly hide busts of marvelous roundness vainly hide busts of marvelous roundness and amplitude, with full arching neck bared above, and crowning it such a dainty and dimpled chin as even Tuesany cannot match; while the line from tip of little finger up their brown round arms to beyond the dimpled cibow is a marvelous study in nature's only perfect mobile bronze. But they have dallied and chatted long enough. With a whisk a little pad of rushes or cloth is slapped on their dainty shapely heads; in a twinkling the huge, reed sarthen jar, half as tall and quite as big as they, is resting on as tall and quite as big as they, is resting on the pad; and with a song or reguish laugh they are away, tripping homeward as daintily and airily as in measures of the contradanza or waitz. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A JEST KILLED BIM.

How a Professional Joker Was Scared to Death by His Master. Cornhill Magazine.

Entertaining are some anecdotes told of Gonella, jester to Borso, Duke of Ferrara, in the fifteenth century. As Gouella was on his way to mass three blind beggars implored an alms of him. "Here is a florin for you," said the jester, "divide it am you." He gave nothing and went on. The beggars invoked blessings on him, each supposing that one of his fellows was in posession of the coin. When they wished to divide the gift not one of them would allow that he held it, and they mutually accused each other of cheating, and from words preneeded to blows. Gonella watched the fray with great complacency, and when the beg-gars were all bruised and bleeding he went

on to church with a clear and calm co doctors Jeclared that only a sudden fright would restore him to health. He was too said to have been practiced by many a

but saying privately that he would only repay fright with fright he directed the executioner not to use the ax, but to let fall a single drop of water on the culprit's neck. Gonella was led to the scaffold; all the usual closmy preparations were made. He wa blindfolded and made to lay his head on the block. The executioner, from a vial, let fall a drop of water on Gonella's neck. Then smid shouts of laughter the jester, silent now, was bidden to rise and thank the Duke for his clemency. But Gonella never moved; he was dead—killed by his master's jest.

A Tale of Two Windmills. Detroit Journal. 1

Mosberville was somewhat excited a day or two ago. A stranger came there selling territory for a patent kitchen appliance. He talked so fast that a stenographer could not get one word in a dezen. He came into

04566634 will ease it in part, so If you can't be asy, be as asy as you can't Try a cake in your next house-cleaning

SAPOLIO is a solid, handsome cake of house-cleaning soap, which has no equal for all scouring purposes except the laundry. To use it is to value it. What will SAPOLIO do? Why, it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the doors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen-sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it. Beware of imitations. There is but one SAPOLIO